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Gattemant is of great excited where the removal

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Miscellany.

The Divine Life. Where shall we find the Lord? Where seek His face adored? s it apart from men, in deep sequestered den, by Jordon's desert flood, or mountain solitode,

What were the souls He sought?
What moved His immost thought?
The Friendless and the poor.
The wees none clee could cure.
The grateful sinner's cry.
The heathen's beavenward eigh—
Each in their let and line
Drew forth the Love and Life Divine.

Where did He rest the while His most benigmant smile 7 The little children's charms. That nestied in His arms. The flowers that round film grew. The bride that o'er Him flow. Were natura's sacred sign To breathe the spell of Life Divine. Where shall the Lord repose, When pressed by fears and foes? Amidet the frishde He loves, to Hetheny's dear groves, Or at the paring feast, Where yearning host and guest in converse sweet rection, is closed in peace the lafe Dixing.

O Thou who once didst come In boly, happy home, Teaching and doing good, To bless our daily food; True glory of the Life Divine.

London, on the very hottest of July days, is not, perhaps, the place of all others where one would choose to live, always supposing that the power of choice were left with us. We should find the glare on the pavements and on the white houses, the close, oppressive atmosphere, the brown and withcred grass in the squares, perfectly insupportable after a few days, and we should fly to Cowes or Ryde, to Norway or New York, for change and refreshment.

and refreshment.

But if, like Polly Marker and "the boys,"
we were moneyless, homeless, friendless, outside the great Babylon, we should probably
spend the Joly days as she did, and revel, as
the boys used to do, in the "jolly heat."

Polly was the eldest of the family by four
years and, if you care to look at law, as she

Polly was the eldest of the family by four years, and, if you care to look at her, as she stands cinging to the railings of the Square gardens, I think you will agree with me that there is something in her face that makes you wish to look again. Straight soft hair laid smoothly on each side of a narrow head, surmounted by a sunbonnet: a wide, sad mouth and humorous eyes that helie, by their sudden twinkling glances, the story of the face. The eyes are a family feature, moreover, only Dick's are larger, and the lashes that shade them are more indisputably Irish, and are Polly's pride. Dick is standing, with his hands in his pockets, learning against a lamppost whistling, while the baby lies lazily at his feet, sucking the brushes out of his shoc-black box—for the whole family are waiting for a job.

on," as she passed him, cantering out of the guare, and smiled again, leaving Dick gaz-ig after her entranced.

What a beautiful lady!" he said, going

ack to Polly's side with a sigh.
"Yes, very pretty," said Polly; "and, my!
shat a horse!"

The probability of the probabili

supper, Polly would turn resolutely away, put her share away into the supboard, and creep cold and hungry between the blankets. So us the days slid into weeks, and the autumn weather set in. Dick grew stronger and healthier, and the baby flourished; but the folks in Crowe's alley shook their heads over Polly's thin face with its hectic flush, and said aside to one another that she was going the way her father did, and no wonder, poor lamb.

"Yes, very pretty," said Polly; "and, my; what a horse?"

"She had such a low voice!" said Dick.

"Yes, precious low," said Polly; "I conidn't hear a word she said. My! how could she come a walking into the Square like that?—wouldn't I have been a cantering, just!"

"Hadn't we better go home?" ventured Dick, presently; "there's no use standing here all day."

"How much did she give you?" said practical Polly, stretching out her hand to touch the one that covered the sixpence.

"Sixpence," said Dick, opening his fingers; but there was a mistake somewhere, for in the middle of his hot little palm lay a shining sovereign, and all the glory of the sinking sun seemed to flicker in little shafts of light on the piece of gold.

"Why, It's father," said Polly, "and dear with its hectic flush, and said aside to one another that she was going the was such a basy one, and the boys see good, that the void in her heart was being gradually filled up; and even when the day came that she had to stand on tiptoe and take down the peacock's feathers and the pictures and the peacock's feathers and the pictures and the beach of time to see no very miserable, after all.

She sat on one of the stools with the pictures in her lap, and made the boys kiss them, and, just for a minute, tears came to lart very when Dickle, kissing the black had, obediently, looked up to ask. "But who is it, Polly."

"Why, It's father," said Polly, "and dear

head, obediently, looked up to ask, "But who is it, Polly?"
"Why, it's father," said Polly, "and dear wother, and you, Dickie, when you were a was thing like our baby, and Willie—our soldier, Dick, that died." And Dick said, "Oh yes; I "member," and torned away to, play herses round the empty room, while Polly sat on, with all her household gods in her lap, and tears in her frank blue eyes.
"I thought Dick would have remembered," she said to herself once; and then she gathered up the pictures and took thum away to the shop, locking the door behind her. sun seemed to flicker in little shafts of light on
the piece of gold.

"Shut your hand tight," said Polly, in a
breathless whisper—"the gardener, you
know, and we'll go home."

"But mayn't we spend flie sixpence?" said
Dick, aggrieved, while his lips quivered—
"just fox dinner, Polly?"

"Of course," said Polly, sharply; we'll
change it and have dinner, and keep the
change; only don't cry, Dickie, and if you'll
take baby, I'll carry the box."

They sauntered along, in a little procession
of three, all down Green street and into a
dirtier, drearier part of the town—dived
down side streets and alleys to a little dinner
shop that Polly knew, where the procession
stopped.

the shop, locking the door behind her.
And all the time that the funds were getting lower, and the winter weather was setting in, and pennies were getting scarcer, the shop that Polly know, where the procession stopped.

"Two slices of bread and two bacons," said Polly, to whom the possession of the sovereign imparted a novel dignity; and a halporth of milk, and this to change, Mrs. Nixon."

Mrs. Nixon rung the coin down on the counter in a business-like way, and then looked, sharply at Polly for a minute, and said:

Baby was fast aslesp in hed the church is the church in the counter in the counter in a business-like way, and then looked, sharply at Polly for a minute, and said:

looked, sharply at Polly for a minute, and said:

"You're rich, arn't you, my dear?—and where did it come from?"

"Oh, we've got it to change," said Polly, "and we're to keep the sixpence."

"Well! you're honest children," said Mrs. Nixon kindly, "and take after your mother: so there's your dinners, and there's the change—nineteen blessed shillings and a sixpence."

She must have known instinctively to what

would have looked very blank and war, and desolate, for the bed was only a long low wooden frame with a checked quilt upon it. The table was a box, and other furniture

ening eyes, "we'd have a good dinner tomorrow, Dick, and not cheap bread, and we'd
give baby milk without water in it."

"And if it were all ours?" said Dick, still
speaking softly.

"If it were all ours?" said Dick, still
speaking softly.

"If it were all ours," interrupted Polly,
with a strange look darkening over her face,
"we would be happy, Dickie, wouldn't we'
Something to cat for a whole month—till
Christmas—and something over."

"Oh, every thing," said Dick, "Polly"—
and he dropped his voice until she had to
stoop to listen—"couldn't we just—byrrow it,
you know, for a month or so? If it were
ours—" And his little childish hand stole
out and touched the first shilling on the shelf.
Polly had been slitting as one in a dream,
but at the touch she seemed to awaken. The
new dark look that had been creeping over
her face changed and brightened as she
jumped up and put Dick's hand somewhat
roughly sode. "If it were ours, we de spend
it, Dick," she said: "but as it is, we'll just
keep it safe till we see her?" said Dick,
whimpering and half frightened.

"Never mind that," said Polly, dicidedly;
"if the worst comes, Dick, and we have
nothing, why, there's always the House.

"But a work house," objected Dick.

"Well, we have to work anyway," said
Polly, with practical common-sense, "and we
may as well work in a house as not—that's
my joke, Dick."

Dick laughted, as he always felt bound in
honor to do at Polly's jokes; and, half an The table was a box, and other furnitive there was none, save a couple of rough stools and a cupboard: but over the mantet shelf there was nailed up a little gallery of portraits, with a setting of china ornaments—a faded daguerreotype of a pretty woman with a baby in her arms, a common photograph of a lad in hussar uniform, with "For Dear Mother," scrawled beneath it, and an alarming black head that hore the name of "Father"—though the eyes must have been tender"—though the eyes must have been tender. ther"—though the eyes must have been ten-der and loving indeed that could have traced any resemblance between that startling outany resemblance between that startling outline and the tall, quiet consumptive man,
who had lived out his weary life among the
uncongenial souls in Crowe's alley.
Well, it had not affected him so very much
afterall, and they were kindly people in their
way. They used to step on tiptoe, when
they remembered, past the door of the room
in which he lay propped up by pillows, gazing patiently out at the sunrises and the sunsets that just glimmered over the roofs of
the other houses. When he died, and the
"missus" fretted for him, and money was
slow to come in, they cheered her up, and
helped her, these rough folks, and forgot
that they used to consider her "fine" when
they brought her "just a drop of gruel,
dearie," or "a slice of bread for the childer,"
and sat up for an hour or two when the fever came upon her, and saw that she was de-

my joke, Dick.

Dick laughtd, as he always felt bound in honor to do at Polly's jokes; and, half an hour afterward, he was lying fast asleep, with long lashes shading the wistful eyes, and ver came upon her, and saw that she was de-cently buried when she died. After that time was a miscrable blank to Polly for some weeks. The haby was fretthe money quite forgotten; but Polly, re-membering the temptation, kept the chillings always in her pocket for the future, and went

Polly for some weeks. The baby was fretfal, and Polly's arms were unaccustomed, for mother osed to nurse him always: and Dickie used to cry at nights a good deal, until the folks in the alley clubbed together and bought him a blacking-box, and he began to earn pennies. By that time Polly had learned her way to the pawn shop, and the room was beginning to look empty, and the room was beginning to look empty, and the room was beginning to look empty, and the room was the war and the misery and loneliness and want, there was something beautiful growing into the little home—a kind of glory springing up in Polly's life that made it grander and nobler than it used to be, when she was little and selfish, and mother cared for her.

membering the templation, kept the chillings always in her pecket for the future, and went to bed that night with one other trouble sidded to her careful life.

But they did not come to the "House," after all, for, when the children had gone to bed that night, Mrs. O'Flannighan held a council of two in her room, and decided that she could work with an easer mind by day if Polly were there to tend Billy a bit, and give him what he needed.

"So I'll pay the rent of the room, Mrs. O'Flannighan said," and I don't doubt they'll pick up enough to get along for the winter." for Mrs. O'Flannighan as looked upon as a moneyed woman in Crow's alley.

So it chanced that roorning after morning, when Dick had gone out with his blacking box to earn the daily bread, Polly would go singing down stairs with the baby to brighten Hilly's room with her patient, cheery ways and pleasant face, as she had brightened her own home; and Billy caught the infection, and grew to wonder how he had ever thought the days long, or the pain in his back too terrible to bear, for Polly could show him so many ways of making the time pass. She could make baskets out of nuts, and mice out of apple pipe; she could sing and whatter while she worked about; and, best of all, when the sunshine died out and her work was over, she could pin up a corner of the blind, just to show the red light over the gloomy alley, and, at holding his feverish hand in hers, telling him beautiful stories, with the quiet baby on her lap, only sometimes she had to stop when she coughed—she had grown to cough a good deal lately—and then they would all sit quite quiet and lift." Wrs. O'Flannighan came bustling in, or Dickie's whistle wounded on the stairs, and Polly had to run out and spend the ponnies he had carried.

"She's not a bad child." Mrs. O'Flannighan and in billy as she stord one evening watch. and nobler than it used to be, when she was little and selfash, and mother cared for her. Tired and worried, she sat down this exeming en one of the broken steeds, and healed the fractious haby to sleep, softening her voice to a kind of mournful hum, while Dickie leaned against her knee listening. Then she hald him softly in the bed, and tocked him in, and she and Dickie took down the ragged Bible and read a verse, and then sat up for a long time in the darkening room, looking out of the narrow window and thinking. Well, Dickie was thinking of the lady's face he had seen in Grossveror Square, and

rapidly and moving her hands about. Dickles and baby sat staring at her, and some of the neighbors, attracted by the noise, looked in and gave her water, and smoothed the bed, and went away looking very grave: Tut in the twilight Mrs. O'Flannighan came home from her day's work, and when she learned from Bülly that Polly was ill, she went hurriedly up to the children's garret to see what was the matter. Dickle had made ten, and was pouring it out for baby and himself in the fast fading light of the window; they were sitting in shadow, and he was talking softly to the buby as he handed bim his little : but a bit of the blind was drawn aside so that a shaft of red light by across the un-comfortable bed and Polly's feverish bands, that were plucking at the coverlet, and across

that were plucking at the coverlet, and across
the eager, resiless face.

Mrs. O'Flannighan put up a rough hand
for a minute to her eyes, then, without a
word, she went over to the hed, and, sitting
down, drew the uneaxy head on to her shoulder and let it rest there; and poor Polly, seeing something familiar in the faces bending
over her, cried out, "Why, mother!" in a suddeu, pleading way. With that her voice
broke into sobs, and she cried as she had never had time to cry fince her mother died.

"What has she had to eat to-day?" Mrs.
O'Flannighan asked of the children, who had
crept closer to her when Polly began to cry.

"Why, nothing," said Dickie, "only some
cold tea. She wash't hungry in the morning,
she said, and this afternoou she been queer
—kind of laughing and crying, like—so we

-kind of laughing and crying, like so we just played about, baby and me, and didn't beed her."

O ner.
'Poor little girl!" Mrs. O'Flannighan said, softly; "no wonder the fever's got into her head with nothing to eat. Well, go down now, Dickie, and leave baby in my room, and bring up Billy's beef tea, and then run round to Dr. Stanley, 5 Greenacre, and ask him to come down to night." come down to-night,"

Dick, scared and horrified at the idea of a doctor being needed for Polly, hurried off in the gathering darkness to Dr. Stanley's house. He rang twice before the bell was answered,

and then the maid just opened the door a crack, and, to his timid question, answered, "Not at home," and shut it again with a bang. So Dickie, miserable and shivering, sat down the light of the surgery lamps and cried. He fancied he had been sitting there for He fancied he had been sitting there for hours, when a carriage stopped quite close to him, when a gentleman jumped out and ran up the steps. Dick slunk away and crouched up in a corner, but not before the gentleman

help us?" what a dreadful state of affairs " said the "Yes, what a dreadul state of affairs! "said the guiltenan, in a pleasant, cheery volce. "Yes, I am a doctor, and I can spare ten minutes to come and see Miss Polly, if you like. Here! jump into the carriage, and tell me where to drive to."

drive to."

"Number 10 Crowe's Alley," said Dick, hriskly, "up two flights, in the garret;" and so be drove away side by side with one of the best men and one of the cleverest doctors in London, to the dingy room in Crowe's Alley, where Polly, with the light of reason shining in her eyes again, was lying exhausted with her bot tangled head on Mrs. O'Flamighan's shoulder.

her bot tangled head on Mrs. O'Flannighan's shoulder.

The doctor's first thought, as he came into the room, was a shuddering horror of the dinginess and gloom and emptiness of this unhonedies home; the next, when he turned to the corner with the bed, where the one dip guttering on a chair threw a fitful light on Polly's flushed face, was to recognize as by instinct that here, in this dreary room, and on this childish face, was concentrated all the careful love and tender patience that can make a home anywhere.

For Polly raised her head painfully with a cheery, patient smile, and tried to speak, and Mrs. O'Flannighan rose lastily, and dropped a long forgotten courtesy to the ductor, for she was not as ignorant as Dick, and she knew the great man by sight.

He roalded to her kindly and took the place she had left vacant by the bed, feeling the flickering pulse gravely, while he asked her many questions about Polly, which she answered with tears in her eyes.

many questions about Polly, which she answered with lears in her eyes.
Then the doctor laid the wasted hand down tenderly and said. Rest and quiet putience,

Miss Polly, and you'll do."
"But the children." faltered Polly.
"On, never mind the children," said the doctor: "we'll look after them, and you're to think of no one but yourself. And while you can't earn momey, Miss Polly. he added, in his gentle way, as if he were telling her the most natural thing in the world. "I'll take ears of the household expenses for you, and Mrs. O'Flannighan here shall be your nurse.

Mrs. O'Flannighan here shall be your norse, if she will."
"Thank you," said Polly, accepting the goodness as quietly as he offered it. "I was wondering about the children: but Dickie carries a bit with his blacking, and buby's getting a deal less trouble with his teeth."

Those were strange days to Polly and dark times came among them—times of racking pain and feverish thirst, of gehrium and unsery and horrid dreams—out of which she wakened one February norning into a life of stillness, of atter wearness, and after content:

hardly noticed the horse, for sie was looking intently at a face in the carriage—the face that had stood out distinctly in her mind through nine weary months, in ascumy frame, against a background of gloom and misery—the face of the lady who had ridden into Grosvenor Square on that hot July day. With a cry that Dick did not hear, she stooped her head and darted swiftly under the railings into the road. She heard the clear ring of hoofs clear head and control of the road of the same threathers. riages, and spring up on to the steps of the

Victoria.

The lady in it was leaning back talking to a young man on the other side, and she paused abruptly as Polly's eager face came on to a level with her own, and turned toward her: and cast the ninetcen shillings and sixpence

and cast the nineteen shillings and sixpence into the lady's lap.

"It's the change," she said, breathlessly.

"What change," said the lady, with a sudden sly blush rising to her face, as she saw people beginning to collect, and whisper, and stare—as she saw the doctor, who had dismounted and was leading his horse, stand beside Folly with an annused smile on his face.

"Don't laugh, Paul," she said to him, half laughing herself. "What is it all about? I don't understand." laughing herself. "What is it all about? I don't understand."
"Nor do I," he said; "but this is a little patient of mine, Margaret. Come, Miss Polly, I thought you were so poor—where did the

I thought you were so poor—where did the money come from?"
"Don't you remember?" said Polly, turning her sweet, perplexed face on to that other beautiful face beside her. "A day hast July? It was in Grosvenor Square, and you were riding a cheshut horse with white stockings, and you gave Dick—that's him youder, my brother—a sixpence to post a letter; but it was a sovervign, and we kept the change to give you."

give you."

The lady sat quite quiet for a minute, with her eyes bent down and her delicate gloved hands touching one after another the stillings that looked awceter than ever, with just the shadow of tears in them, and said, giving a quick glauce round, and then looking straight past every one at the doctor, "Why, Paul, it

They took the slices of bread and bacon out into the sunshine, and ate sitting on the pavement: and they fed the buby by turns, while Polly kept the money tight in he had; then, when the feast was over, they rose slowly up, and went away down the dark alley, where men and women stood about in discontented groups, up a creaking wooden stair, to a door, of which Polly had the keys, and the other side of which they called "home."

It was a room that, to unaccustomed syes, wood have looked very blank and Bure and "And if it were all ours?" said Dick, still had seen him, and stooped to touch hix shoulder. "What is it, my hoy?" he said; "do you wan to see Dr. Stanley?"

At the voice and touch, all Dick's troubles size and touch, all Dick's troubles and touch, all Dick's troubles to be some and outerwhelmed him. "Ob, yea, I do," he said, drying his eyes. "and, please Sir, he's not at home—and Polly's raging in few read and touch, all Dick's troubles to be some and polly a raging in few read and touch, all Dick's troubles size the trouble of the said, drying his eyes. "and, please of the said, drying his eyes." and please shall have yould alway to beed, and Mrs. O'Flamisjan will have to go to Billy: please, or be people in a door, couldn't you come and he was going to be married to her in dry."

What is it, my hoy?" he said; "do you want to see Dr. Stanley?"

At the voice and touch, all Dick's troubles size and touch, all Dick's troubles and touch, all Dick's troubles size and touch, all Dick's troubles and touch, all Dick's troubles size and touch, all Dick's troubles and touch, all Dick's troubles and touch, all Dick's troubles and touch, all they want to see Dr. Stanley?"

At the voice and touch, all Dick's troubles size and touch, all Dick's troubles and touch, all Dick's

giming in many ways, for Polly-for there was no want or misery or loneliness for her any more; and Dickie, in after years, used to asy their fortune turned on the day when the lady rode into Grosvenor Square with the let-

God for a temptation she resisted one misera-ble night in winter—for who else knows or can ever know, how great the temptation was? and loyal Polly ignores or has forgot-ten how nearly Dick fell into the temptation

In person of glad welcome.

Zophyr, too,
Quick hastened to ber side, with fragrance fraught
off new-born, flowers bending heath the weight
off early dew-drope, diamond-like besprent.
Within their kall-speed caps; while gentle May,
Cay matter, however high to chant the praise
of April's triumph and the birth of Spring.

It there is a virtue in the world at which we should always aim, it is cheerfulness.— |Bolwer Lytton. | Brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness

he limbs and outward flourishes - Shaks-

Brevity is the best recommendation of a peech, not only in the case of a senator, but a tlat, too, of an orator.—[Cicero. If the soul be happily disposed, everything econes capable of affording entertainment, ad distress will almost want a home.— Oli-

ver Goldsmith.

When a book raises your spirit, and inspirits you with noble and courageous feelings, seek for no other rule to judge the work by it is good, and made by a good workman.—(Brityere.

THE GREAT ICE PERIOD.—Prof. Paige of Illinois, has in a late lecture declared that the belief is rapidly growing that the great the belief is rapidly growing that the great ice period which has ground the rocks into soil has been ascribed to a period too remote in the planet's history. The almost universally accepted opinion has been, he said, that the great tee caps had been formed by a climate remered extremely cold through changed cosmic relations. It was known that the eccentricity of the carth's path around the sun was subject at long periods to considerable change, resulting in removal, at times, of the planet some 15,000,000 miles further than it now is from the sun. The earth's extraordinary aphelion, added to such alterations as are attributable to the procession of the equinox, was thought to have produced the great ice eries of the past. From such postulates it has been held by slivers awants that man has inhabited the globe about 2,000,000 years. has inhabited the globe about 2,000,000 years, an equinion from which Paige dissents as not in harmony with the drift of contemporane-ous thought. During winter, in the norththan they would be were the conditions re-versed. In the southern hemisphere the op-posite is true. There, people being master the sun in summer and further off in winter, have cold winters and hot summers. At the have cold winters and hot summers. At the South Pole the ice is wastly in excess of the ice at the North Pole, and attracts, therefore, the waters of the ocean, changing the equilibrium of the earth's centre, moving the equators southward and drawing the waters of the north pole toward the south pole. This explains the evident subsidence of waters in the northern, and the comparative absence of dry land in the southern hemisphere. If the ice ages can be traced to such causes, a glacial period is approaching the southern homisphere, and will, it is estimated, reach its maximum about 5,500 years hence. The last ice ers in the northern hemisphere was probably not far from 150 centuries ago. Page maintains that, if these views be correct, the ice period will recur in about 16,000 years in the northern hemisphere. Grant-000 years in the northern hemisphere. Grant-ing the hypothesis, the time of man's exist-ence on the globe must be conceded to have been far shorter than has been supposed— not more, in all likelihood, than from 50,000 to 100,000 years. While the question is of great importance scientifically, the human family has greater interest in knowing how long it is to remain on the planet; but even this is of small concern to individuals. 000 years in the northern hemisphere. Grant-

After the Sunday dinner, what? Well, it all "depends." A person whose brain is wearied with intellectual work during the wearied with intellectual work during the week, or whose nervous system is exposed to the strain of business or professional life, ought to sleep, within an hour or two after his Sunday dinner, if he can. It is surprising how much like a seven-day clock the brain will work, if the habit of a "Sunday may" be once formed. Nature will take advantage of it as regularly and gratefully as she does of the nightly sleep, and do her best to make up lost time. People, on the other hand, whose week of toli is chiefly physical, may well give their minds activity while their body is resting. Two sermons and three or four lours of solid reading are a real rest to some on Sunday, while to others such a some on Sunday, while to others such a course amounts to positive Sabbath-breaking. Sunday is a day of rest, not of work, relig-ious or otherwise. It is a day for repose,— not for exhaustion. But what the degmatists on one side and the illiberal liberals on the other are apt to overlock, is the fact that all men do not rest alike, any more than they labor alike, and what will help to save one

men do not rest slike, any more than they labor alike, and what will help to save one may aid in killing another.

After the Sunday dinner, then, one should seek rest, innocent recreation, helpful happiness. Sleep, or read, or go and help instruct and interest a mission school, or visit the sick and the suffering, according to your needs and your gifts. We Americans haven't yet fully learned the art of domestic enjoyment, any more than the law of service to others. More men ought to relieve their wives of the sole care of young children on Sundays, by taking them out to walk or to ride, and inviting the mother to go as company, or leaving her at home to enjoy unmolested a muchineeded season of quiet. In anitable weather a portion of the day may be profitably spent out-of-doors. There is nothing in the example or teachings of Jesus—nothing in the example or teachings of Jesus—nothing in the Sabbath can only be kept holy in-doors. It is to be honored and hallowed, but its highest observance is a ministration to man's highest needs. We hope and believe that the day will never come when Sunday will be secularized or turned into a gay holiday in America, as it is in Europe: but the progress made toward a rational Ghristian entoyment America, as it is in Europe; but the progress made toward a rational Ghristian enjoyment of the day, within the past fifty years, shows that the superiority of man to the institution, as proclaimed by the Saviour, is coming to be apprehended.—Golden Ruic.

A Precular Superstrion—Smoothing about the "Lucky" Horseshoe.—The horseshoe, now all the rage as an ormanent, and affected by men and women alike, has long been considered a token of good luck, especially by sailors. Few sailors would start on a voyage in a ship on which the potency of the horseshoe was not acknowledged. It must be kept in some conspicuous place as a sign of good luck. On western steamboats, not a deck-hand could be induced to engage himself on a steamer that did not have a partity-worn horseshoe nailed over the companworkman.—[Brityere and made by a good humself on a steamer that did not have a part-ty-work breeshoe nailed over the companion-way of the how. Very often they are placed near the figure-head, at the stem of the bow. How long this superstition has prevailed it would be impossible to tell. It is by no means of recent origin. Horse-hoes and conjurers have long been allies. To find a whole horse-hoe in the road that has been cast from the animal and still retains five of the nails in it, is considered a remarkable to ken of good lock. cences, then, and then only, will the future of nations be sure.—[Kossath.]

It is the work of fancy to enlarge, but of judgment to shorten and contract; and therefore this must be as far above the other as a judgment to shorten and contract; and therefore this must be as far above the other as a judgment to shorten and contract; and therefore this must be as far above the other as a judgment to shorten and contract; and therefore this must be as far above the other as a judgment to shorten and contract; and therefore this must be as far above the other as a judgment to shorten and contract; and therefore this must be as far above the other as a judgment to shorten and contract; and therefore this must be as far above the other as a judgment to shorten and contract; and therefore this must be as far above the other as a judgment to shorten and contract; and therefore this must be as far above the other as a judgment to shorten and contract; and therefore the discussion of the said look that connection the fact that it is almost impossible for a horse to cast a show while all the said sorigin in the fact that it is almost impossible for a horse to cast a show while all the surface of inagination.—[South.]

The books which help you moot are those which make you think the most. The hard great book that counces from a great thinker—

It is a ship of thought, deep-freighted with it is a ship of thought, deep-freighted with bruth and with beauty.—[Theodore Parker.]

I have no respect for that self-boasting charity which neglects all objects of commissional tractions, but was considerable of a knave. He professed to be able to work wonders, and the read of the earth in search of misery, for the end of the earth in search of misery, for the end of the earth in search of misery, for the end of the earth in search of misery, for the end of the earth in search of misery for the end of the earth in search of misery for the end of the earth in search of misery for the end of the earth in search of misery for the end of the cast it in the churn. Then, after cleansing the churn with boiling water, he guaranteed that the butter would come with the next ef-fort. And more: If the woman would inquire carefully among her neighbors she quire carefully among her neighbors she would discover that some one of them (an enemy) would have a severe burn on some part of her body. There were plenty of people who believed in this. Another case: A widow lady, living two miles from Gerst, had a sum of money stolen from her. Instead of giving the matter into the hands of the authorities, she sent for Gerst. He inquired into the affair, and, after performing a number of incantations with a stick that he carlightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert incorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—[Addison.]

Flatter not thyself in thy faith to God, if those wantest charity for thy neighbor; and think not that thou hast charity for thy neighbor, if those wantest faith to God, where they are not both together, they are both wanting; they are both dead, if once divided.—[Quarks.]

Nightly rest and daily bread, the ordinary use of our limbs and senses, and understandings, are gifts which admit of no comparison with any other; yet, because almost every man we meet possesses these, we leave them. the thirf, whoever he was, believed in Gerst's pretended power, and returned the money out of fear. The superstition that imputes such virtues to the horseshoe gave birth to the prevailing idea that makes it an emblem of word book

THE CEAR ALEXANDER II.—A man upon whose life repeated attempts have been made, and who is surrounded by continual danger, always has a certain interest from that fact alone. When he happens to be the ruler of a great nation, as Alexander II. is, the inter-est is naturally heightened. The Czar is said, by one who seems to be well acquainted with his character and private life, to be haunted by one who seems to be well acquainted with his character and private life, to be baunted — not without abundant reason—by constant fear of assassination, and to have been so baunted even before the recent efforts to kill him. When under the shadow of such apprehension, he is very gloemy, and seldom speaks to anybody. The meed does not last, however, and relieved of it, he appears cheerful, and occupies much time in changing his clothes, about which he is very fastidious, as they set off his fine figure to advantage. His father, Nicholas, knowing his son's apathetic disposition, felt that he would, when Emperor, need devoted friends. Consequently, he surrounded him with a number of stanch, trustworthy young men, who are to this day his associates and intimates, and who subsist by his bounty. Fond of throwing off the imperial dignity in their company, he is hall fellow-well-met with them, and enjoys the hours so spent more than anything clse. He frequently plays at cards with them, and much to their profit, as he loses whatever sums of money he learns that they want. His generosity in this particular is so well understood that they know, when they sit down, how the games will turn out. The Carx is a good slot, which, harpoily for him. down, how the games will turn out. The Czar is a good shot, which, happily for him, his enemies are not, and is quite proud of a beautiful pelisse, made of the skin of a great bear he killed himself. He is a good rider,

who has been led to take up a criminal career from the fascination thrown around it by the writers of coarse fiction for boys. Hardly less mischievous is the debusion wrought in boys' minds by fanciful pictures of life at sea. The romance of the story and the stark reality of life on board of a ship are two things widely apart. One of these deluded boys on the schoolship St. Mary, writing home, said: "There are three things a boy wants as soon as he gets to sea—first, to go home; second, a good square meal, and, third, to get his fingers on the fellow who wrote lack Harkaway." Something to remember, boys.—Heston Herald.

The London Spectator says: We believe that there is no single system of mechanique for writing, and that a child belonging to the educated classes would be taught much better and more easily, if, after being once enabled to make and recognize written letters, it were let alone, and praised or children not for its method, but for the result. Let the boy hold the pen as he likes, and make his strokes as he likes, and write at the pace he likes—hurry, of course, being discouraged—but insist strenuously and persistently that his copy shall be legible, shall be clean, and shall approach the good copy set before him, namely, a well written letter, not a rubbishy text on a single line, written as nobody but a writing master ever did or ever will write unitation of his copy, and ultimately develop a characteristic and strong hand, which may be good or bad, but will not be either meaningless, undecided or illegibls. This hand will alter, of course, very greatly as he grows ofder. It may alter at eleven, because it is at that age that the range of the eyes is fixed, and short sight betrays itself; and it will alter at seventeen, because then the system of taking notes at lectures, which ruins most The Loudon Spectator says: We believe at that age that the range of the eyes is naed, and short sight betrays itself; and it will
alter at seventeen, because then the system
of taking notes at icctures, which ruins most
hands, will have cramped and temporarily
spoiled the writing, but the character will
form itself again, and will never be deficient
in charness or decision. The idea that it is
to be clear will have stamped itself, and confidence will not have been destroyed by worrying little rules about attitude, and angle,
and slope, which the very irritation of the
pupils ought to convince the teachers are,
from some personal peculiarity, inapplicable.
The lad will write, as he does anything else
that he cares to do, as well as he can, and
with a certain efficiency and speed. Almost
every letter he gets will give him some assistance, and the master's remonstrance on
illegibility will be attended to like any other
caution given in the curriculum.

eaution given in the curricul-The Literary Success of the Century." An eminent English authority recently pro-counced Scarssen's Mostrily "The greatest nonced Schinken's Mostrilly "The greatest literary success of the century." The New England Journal of Education says: "America may we'll be proud of such a magazine." The Illustrated London News considers it "one of the marvels of the day." The London Illustrated (Penny) Paper says: "With its inimitably finished gems of drawing and engraving, it is the wonder and admiration of the art-world."

engraving, it is the wonder and admiration of the art-world."

The April number just issued ends the XIXth volume, which is exceptionally brilliant. The New York Evening Post, Hartford Courant, and other papers, speak of the sories by Eugene Schuyler on "Peter the Great," as "the most notable event in modern magazine literature." The style is so simple and yet so graphic that it interests not only men of letters but the young, and is read as a text-book in the schools. It is understood that the causes and beginnings of Nibilism in Russia will be traced by Mr. Schuyler in the course of his marrative.

Hev. Dr. Eggleston writes of Mr. George W. Cable and his story, "The Grandissimes," in SCHINNER: "If Cable can hold that gait, the rest of us who write American stories must surrender to him. What a superb piece of work it is."

April, 80 (containing all of "Success with Small Fruits," and the opening chapters of "Peter the Great," "The Grandissimes," and "Louisiana"), without extra charge. Tile subscription price is \$4.00 a year.

THE ILL-OMENED THISTERS AT TABLE .-One of the commonest and strongest super-stitions—just now under discussion again— is that which regards 13 at a table as an illomen, indicating that one out of the number will die before a year shall have passed. This is not confined to any particular nation or re-gion of civilization, though it is not a pagan, but a Christian superstition. The fact or be-lief that Judas Iscariot, one of the 12 discibut a Christian superstition. The fact or belief that Judes Iscariot, one of the 12 disciples and their treasurer, committed suicide from remorse for betraying his Master, is presumed to make 13 an unlucky numeral, and to exercise a lethal influence upon one of the company. In Roman Catholic countries, the superstition, naturally enough, is generally prevalent, and so firmly held that it would be well-nigh impossible to induce 13 persons to sit down at dinner. If they should do so, a pall of gloom would rest upon them, as if there were a veritable skeleton at the feast. In Russia, where, though the Greek church is established, superstition has taken deeper root than even in Roman Catholic lands, the very idea of 13 at a table is a terror. He who should invite such a number would offer an affront to his gnessts which would hardly be overlooked. When, by the absence of one or more guests, only 13 are present, it is usual to get a fourteenth, even if a child must be taken from bed, before occupying the seats. Even in this country, where are many Americans who share the weakness; and we have known women, and men too, who would not dine where there were 13, and have known others who were continually uneasy if they did so, and who would anxiously watch the veer out one if were 13, and have known others who were continually uneasy if they did so, and who would anxiously watch the year out to see if the evil augury were not verified. Sundry stories are told about dinners of 13 where death has occurred to one of the diners before the end of a year. Some of them are doubtless true, but this by no means sustains the silly superstition. It should be remembered that among men in middle age or thereabout the death of 1 in 13 per anyon is not about the death of 1 in 13 per annum is not far from the average mortality; and when, as frequently happens, several of the dinera are well on in years, it is rather to be expect-ed that one of them should slip off the whiriso resigned to it when it stares him in the

THE STEPID BOY.—Never set a boy down for stupid because he does not make a figure at school. Many of the most celebrated men who have ever lived have been set down by some conventional pedagogue as donkeys. One of the greatest astronomers of the age was returned to his father by the village schoolmoster with these encouracing words. One of the greatest astronomers of the age was returned to his father by the village beautify pelisse, made of the skin of a great beautify pelisse, made of the skin of a great beautify pelisse, made of the skin of a great beautify pelisse, made of the skin of a great beautify pelisse, made of the skin of a great beautify pelisse, made of the skin of a great beautify pelisse, made of the skin of a great beautify pelisse, made of the skin of a great beautify pelisse, made of the skin of a great beautify pelisse, made of the skin of a great beautify pelisse, made of the skin of the secondary persons that he is such renders him fussy and irritable, and it is often said that a delightful fellow has been crushed by a crown. His habits are simple; he cats very sparingly and sleeps iil. His restlessmens steadily increases, and he has, it is said, no doubt that he will fall by an assassin's hand.

The Blood and Thundra Reading of the school, often ends by showing no talent for anything beyond a yard-stick. Sir Walter Scott was called stupid as a child, and it was not even considered to his credit that he was fond of "sich trash" as ballads, and could learn them by heart at any time. That boy who really worries you by being so unlike his bright brothers, may be the very one who will make you proud and happy some years hence. Take that for your committed, and he is not the first or only one